WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, February 25, 1804. [No. 73

THE

VILLAGE GOSSIP,

Or, Memoirs of a Country Lady.

IN A SERIES OF NUMBERS.

(Continued from page 154.)

THIS letter cost me many tears; and the delicate reproof of Edward affected me the more sensibly, as I knew how much he was the sufferer by my imprudence. Maria kissed it, and bathed it with her tears; and, for a while, I thought her mind had undergone another revolution; but the unlucky presence of Leonard—his insinuating manners—were too successful for the impression to last long: his ardor, his animated looks, soon turned the balance in his favor: and I soon perceived that Maria no longer wavered. Edward, though affectionate to a degree of idolization, labored under a timidity that threw him at a distance:—women are too apt to fly from that respectful diffidence which is often the result of the most sincere affection.

The day is fixed for the union of young Woolcomb with Miss Somerton and I sincerely hope he will have no cause to repent his precipitate choice. A good husband may contribute greatly to the improvement of a woman's mind, where no vicious propensities have been cherished. The wedding is to be celebrated in the course of a month; and Leonard has obtained Maria's consent to give him her hand on the same day.

NO. XI.

How precarious are all the vicissitudes of this life! All the proud arrangements of one day are scattered by the events of the next!—For the last week, all had been a scene of serious preparation for two important weddings: when an unexpected order arrived for Woolcomb to join his regiment at Winchester: and Miss Somerton generously complied with his request of being immediately united to him. Maria, though equally pressed, would not be hurried in an affair, which to her imagination, was of too awful a nature to be entered on precipitately; and has absolutely refused to give her hand to Leonard an hour before the appointed period; and, to do her justice, she has a motive for her refusal which does hohor to her sensibility,

On account of the sudden illness of Mrs. Stanley, Edward was obliged to be recalled from college, where he has had the good fortune to obtain the esteem and patronage of a nobleman of distinguished rank and worth. Edward returned upon the distressing mandate; but scarcely could I at the first interview, recognize his person;—so pale, so care-worn, does he now appear. Yet, proudly struggling with his emotions, he welcomed me with a smile upon his lips, while a tear trembled in his eye: and, notwithstanding the evidence of our senses upon beholding him, persists in affirming that he is well, and happy.

Maria accidentally met him yesterday morning while strolling through the coppice with Somerton. He started, and seemed undetermined how to address her; but they were too close for either party to recede; and Maria spared him the pain of a long conflict, by accosting him, though in a tremulous tone, and enquiring after his mother. She had too much consideration for him to notice his altered looks; and the conferrence was but short: she returned, a little agitated, and somewhat thoughtful.

The tender, animated attentions of Leonard, however, soon roused her; and the prattle of Mrs. Chumney's little girl, whose company I had obtained with much difficulty, amused us highly. Leonard was greatly delighted with the child, who seemed equally pleased with the whole party; and, amidst our united efforts to divert our little visitor, the affecting incident of the morning seemed to be banished from recollection:

yet it would be the height of cruelty to aggravate the sufferings of an amiable young man, by the celebration of nuptials, which, even with every possible palliation, I cannot yet bring myself to consider otherwise than as an unjust sacrifice of honor to inclination. Yet I try to conceal these scruples; and, since we have advanced thus far, will not attempt to recede.

In the evening our party was enlivened by the company of Clara and her lover; and a discovery took place, which caused a general laugh at the credulity of Maria. The wedding, which, without any dress or parade, was to take place on the following morning, becoming naturally the subject of conversation, Clara enquired of her brother, with an arch smile, if he thought the day a lucky one? or whether he had made any calculation on the occasion?

What! is Somerton an astrologer? asked Woolcomb, laughing.

Only a wild one, replied she:—a wandering gipsy, who foretels what he wishes, and afterwards contrives to make what he foretold come to pass.

Leonard laughed, but did not seem entirely pleased at his sister's elucidation of the trick he had practised.

Clara, not perceiving or imagining that he was displeased, then proceeded to inform us, that he had paid five shillings for his disguise to an old gipsy who visited their kitchen; which she had since learned from her own maid, who had been, unknown to him, an earwitness of the transaction.

And is it possible that you could play upon my understanding by such a mean imposition? asked Maria, rather angrily.

Nay, my dear Maria, replied Leonard, taking her hand, do not be too severe! It was but considered by me as a momentary frolic; and, forgive me for saying, had not you lent an attentive ear, I should not have carried my project farther.

Maria blushed.——I am rightly punished, said she, for my weakness, in imagining that a strolling vagabond could anticipate events known only to a Superior Wisdom. Henceforward, I shall be cautious how I yield to such superstitious folly.

Leonard now looked grave——Then, you deem the event a punishment. I am most severely chastised for my artifice by that rebuke!

Maria sighed.——I own that you suggested ideas to me by your pretended prognostications, which I should not otherwise have encouraged; yet, though I am firmly persuaded that deception rely is productive of good, I hope, in e present case, the greatest evil we have to apprehend is the present little disagreement, which, if you please, we will now terminate.——She then extended her hand, which Leonard kissed with exstacy.

When I took the child home, I was much concerned to find Mrs. Chumney laboring under increased indisposition. She informed me that she had received some news which greatly agitated her; but the particulars she reserved for the next interview; and I left her, with the promise of a speedy return.

In the morning, Mr. Somerton, with visible satisfaction, gave his daughter, at the village church, to Woolcomb; and Dr. Pompous, who performed the ceremony, received a jocose intimation from the old gentleman, that his services would soon be required again upon a similar occasion. About three hours after, the new-married pair set off in a post-chaise for Winchester.

NO. XII.

We have all been thrown into the utmost confusion by an unexpected and affecting occurrence.——Rambling with Leonard and Maria through the fields leading to Mrs. Chumney's cottage, I recollected my promise to the unhappy Recluse, and determined to embrace that oppportunity of calling; and, as I knew it would be an unpleasant intrusion to take my companions with me, I directed them to an aged elm, at some distance, round the ivy-decked trunk of which a rude seat had been fixed, to accommodate the weary pedestrian, or indulge the contemplative wanderer. I had scarcely reached the garden gate, when I was met by the rosy-cheeked Harriet, who bounded to salute me: I caressed her with usual fondness, and her eye roved wistfully around.—Whom do you seek, love? I asked.

Pretty lady, that gave me new riband.

She is walking across that field Harriet:—will you go to her?

Oh! yes!—I can catch her!—and away she bounded again.

I entered the cottage: the fair inhabitant was apparently very ill: she extended her hand at my approach.—

You are very kind, Madam—I shall not long trespass upon your goodness for myself. I feel the small remains of life gradually forsaking this care-worn frame. I have struggled long with the agonies of my mind: but they are too acute;—they overwhelm me.——And now, dearest Madam, will you forgive the liberty I am about to take? For my child's sake alone do I make a request: as painful to myself as ungrateful to you, yet, I think, I am not deceived in believing you to be too generous to be swayed by one mercenary impulse. I ask not compassion: I seek only justice for an innocent babe.—Her father—The anguish of the moment overcame even maternal solicitude, and she was for some time unable to proceed,

The secret I have so long and arduously concealed must soon be disclosed. Among my papers you will find a letter addressed to him whose loved name has ever been to me a source of consolation, even while suffering under the acutest self-reproach. I acquit him of every charge that I may have, in a moment of galling misery, brought against him: my own imprudence was the cause of my earliest misfortunes; and, though my opinion may be erroneous, I must declare, that I feel more satisfaction at the idea of having borne up against misfortune with persevering and honest pride, than if I had, in the weakness of my heart, yielded to a life of infamy, or meanly become a mendicant for pity where affection only should have supplied relief.

(To be continued)

Selected Biography.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. OPIE.

WHILE we sketch the biography of those women whom learning and genius have rendered illustrious, but who disdain not to mingle the modest wreath of domestic duty with the proud laurel of public fame; while we behold them practical examples of the utility of mental cultivation, and living arguments as proof of the equality of mind, how warmly do we exult!—The amiable subject of this short memoir has an undoubted claim to such an eulogium,

Mrs. Opie is the daughter of Dr. Alderson, of Norwich, a Physician of eminence, and a man of brilliant reputation. She early distinguished herself by the composition of Poems, Novels, and Plays, many of which have been published without a name.

Some years back, the Plays of Miss Alderson were acted under her father's eye at Norwich, in a theatre which that indulgent parent had fitted up for his daughter's amusement: the principal performers in these interesting dramas were Miss Alderson, the Miss Plumtrees, their brother, and several gentlemen distinguished for merit and talents.

But not to theatrical exhibitions alone does Mrs. Opie confine her genius: she unites to a most melodious voice the highest skill of science and taste. Mrs. Opie is considered the best private performer upon the piano-forte and harp, and is deeply read in the French, Italian, and German authors.

To praise this lady's poetical works would be superfluous: the public require no guide to point out the beautiful simplicity of their style, the tenderness of their thoughts, and the melody of their verse.

Miss Alderson became the wife of Mr. Opie three or four years ago; and if an union with genius, sense, and virtue, can bestow happiness, we may safely call her happy.

In her person Mrs. Opie is tall, and uncommonly graceful; and her animated features, *more* than *pretty*, and rather *less* than *beautiful*, display with peculiar expression the energies of mind, and the luxuriance of youth. Mrs. Opie is often acknowledged handsome, but always allowed to be charming.

JOHN HENDERSON, B. A.

Of Pembroke College, Oxford, an extraordinary genius.

HE was born at Ballegarance, near Limerick, in Ireland, in 1757. His father was a preacher in Mr. Wesley's connection, and afterwards settled as a schoolmaster at Hanham, near Bristol. Young Henderson displayed, at a very early period of life, an uncommon thirst after knowledge, which he gratified with unremitting ardor. He received his education among the Methodists, and made so quick a progress as to be employed to teach Latin in Kingswood school at eight years of age; and Greek in lady Huntingdon's college in Wales, when he was no more than twelve. Dr. Tucker, the late dean of Gloucester, sent him, at his own expence, to Pembroke college, Oxford, where he took his degree of B. A. but never entered into orders, though so well qualified for that calling. His habits and his studies were alike very singular. His clothes were made in a fashion peculiar to himself: he wore no stock or neckcloth; his buckles were so small as not to exceed the dimensions of a common knee buckle, at a time when very large ones were in fashion. When he was once on a visit at Dr. Adams', who was then master of Pembroke College, Miss Adams made him a present of a pair of buckles of a reasonable size, and requested he would wear them: he did so, whenever he went to see Dr. Adams, but on his return home, the dimunitive pair was summoned upon duty. Though he was then about twenty-four years of age, he wore his hair like a scool-boy of six or seven.

He usually went to bed about day-break, and rose in the afternoon. It was his custom to strip himself naked as low as the waist, and, taking his station at the pump near his rooms, would completely sluice his head and the upper part of his body; after which he would pump over his shirt, and putting it on, in that condition would immediately go to bed. His learning was deep and multifarious. He was well acquainted with the oriental languages, and understood something of every science. The favorite objects of his studies were metaphysics, divinity, morality, chymistry and medicine; and the virtues of his heart were superior even to the astonishing powers of his understanding.

This surprising young man died at Oxford, in 1788, and was buried at Kingswood. We shall close our account of him with the following anecdote.

A student of a neighboring college, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation with the renowned Henderson: some mutual friends introduced him; and, having chosen his subject, they conversed for some time with equal candor and moderation; but Henderson's antagonist perceiving his confutation inevitable (forgetting the character of a gentleman, and with a resentment engendered by his former arrogance) threw a full glass of wine in his face.—Henderson, without altering his features or changing his position, gently wiped his face, and then coolly replied, This, Sir, is a *digression*, now for the argument. This insult, however, was resented by the company, who turned the aggressor out of the room.

THE GHOST.

A STORY,

Related by the ingenious Mr. Jackson of Exeter.

IT was shrewdly remarked, by Voltaire, that the early ages of society are times for prodigies. Scotland was not civilized when Macbeth met the witches; nor was Rome, when Curtius leaped into the gulph. People of weak intellects have, at all times, believed in apparitions. It is unnecessary *now* to say, that stories of ghosts are mistakes, or impositions, and that they might always be detected, if people had ingenuity to discover the trick, or courage enough to search out the cause of their fright.

In all relations of this kind, there is, manifestly, an endeavor to make the

events as supernatural, wonderful, and as well attested as possible, to prevent the suspicion of trick, and to cut off all objections which might be made to its credibility. I am about to comply with the established custom, and shall relate a story of a ghost, which, I will be bold to say, has the strongest circumstances of the wonderful, the supernatural, and the well-attested, of any upon record. The story, as yet, only lives in tradition, but it is much too good to be lost.

At a town in the west of England, was held a club, of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week, to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Ruben's academy, at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time; of course, his chair, whilst he was absent remained vacant.

The club, being met on their usual night, enquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went himself to enquire after him, and returned with the dismal tidings, that he could not, possibly, survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual.

About midnight *(the time by long prescription appropriated for the walking of spectres)* the door opened—and the form, *in white*, of the dying, or rather of the *dead* man, walked into the room, and took his seat in his accustomed chair. There he remained *in silence*! and *in silence* was he gazed at!!! The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure *all present* of the *reality* of the vision. At length he arose, and stalked towards the door, which he opened, as if living—went out, and shut the door after him.

After a long pause, some one, at last, had the resolution to say, If only *one* of us had seen this, he would not have been believed. But it is impossible that so many of us can have been deceived. The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home. In the morning enquiry was made after their sick friend. It was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly about the time of his appearance in the club-room.

There could be little doubt before; but *now*, nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together. It is needless to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels. For, in this case, all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the *fixed laws of nature*, was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to *prove that they might be unfixed*. Years rolled on. The story ceased to engage attention, and it was forgotten; unless when occasionally introduced to silence an unbeliever.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice, he was called to an old woman, whose profession was attending on sick persons. She told him she should leave the world with a quiet conscience, *but for one thing*, which lay upon her mind. Do you not remember, Mr. ***, whose ghost has been so much talked of! I was his nurse. The night he died I left his room for something I wanted. I am sure I had not been absent long; but at my return, I found the bed *without my patient!* He was delirious, and I feared had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir! But, after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room, shivering, and his teeth chattering, laid down on the bed, and died! Considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could have contradicted all the story of the ghost, I dared not to do it. I knew, by what had happened, that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting it was the night of meeting); but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented.

GRATITUDE.

LUCAS KRANACH, a painter of high estimation, was warmly protected by Frederic, elector of Saxony, who, having offended Charles V. was besieged, in the city of Wirtemberg, by a powerful army, commanded by the emperor in person. Kranach was soon put in confinement, along with his unfortunate protector and patron, and used every means to ameliorate the condition of the latter, showing him the utmost attachment and gratitude. The city was taken, and the furious conqueror condemned to death the unhappy Frederic. The day before that fixed for his revenge, Charles V. having heard of the rare merit of Kranach, sent for him, offered him his protection, and told him that he had only to express the thing he desired, and his wishes should be instantly complied with. The artist could thus have easily obtained honors and riches; but he contented himself in requesting pardon and liberty for his patron.

A GERMAN PROVERB.

I DINED the other day with a friend, at a house, the master and mistress of which are amiable, affable, pleasing companions, and of some political consequence. My friend was particularly distinguished by them during our visit. He was the subject of their praises, and they made the most positive promises of their interest in his favor.

My friend is not without ambition. On our leaving the house, I congratulated him upon the friendship which I heard expressed for him; and anticipated the most happy consequences to his future interests.

You think then, said he, that this family entertain a friendship for me. How little are you as yet acquainted with the world! Did you not observe that, when I asked in the hall for my great coat, the servant turned a deaf ear, let me look for it without saying a word; and that it was not until after a quarter of an hour I was able to find it, all covered with dust behind a chest, where he could not but know it was, for I gave it to him on my entrance?

And what do you infer from that?

What do I infer from that! Always remember this German Proverb:—Would you know whether you are beloved in a family?—never mind the

behavior of the master or mistress; but observe how the children and servants treat you, and you will know the truth.

ON WINTER BALLS.

(From the French "Conservateur de la Sante")

NOTHING prepares the way for, or decides, a consumption more surely than the sudden transition from an atmosphere, hot and impregnated by the breath of two or three hundred people, to the respiration of a fresh and cold air. There is no doubt but that the pleasures of winter carry off a great number of fine women every year. This, however, is a risque which they are all resolved to encounter. What would become of them in great cities, if they did not kill themselves in detail?——they must die of ennui. If the air which they breathe at balls be unhealthy, that of spectacles is much more so. The doctors need not tell them—they know it: but what is health in the balance, against the pleasure of seeing and being seen?

At a late grand review at Versailles, the cold was sharp and intense; the women were scarcely covered: it was painful to see their delicate arms all red and discolored. A doctor who should advise them to put on their gloves, would have passed for a fool, they knew very well how much they suffered; and the best proof of this consciousness was, that, the moment night threw a veil over their charms, they wrapped themselves up in their cloaks and their carriages. Had the night been two hours slower in its arrival, they would have braved the rigor of the the weather two hours more.—We may boast of the courage of our warriors, but we know not the courage of our women. The men tremble for themselves. All this is in order, perfectly reasonable, and established by usage; but what shall we say for the new and unaccountable passion of mothers to sacrifice their infants? Formerly, the fetes, the balls, the spectacles, were not encumbered with puppets: children as soon as they are able to walk now attend them. The consequence of this premature indulgence, this exposure to the night air and tainted vapors is easily conceived,——the constitution is debilitated before its pleasures have been enjoyed. Men become very rare, and mannikins very common.

ANECDOTE OF DR. YOUNG.

DR. Young was once on a party of pleasure with a few ladies, going up by water to Vauxhall, and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came along-side the boat in which were the doctor and his party, The doctor, who was never conceited of his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of the officers instantly asked why he ceased to play, or put up his flute? "for the same reason (said he) that I took it out—to please myself," The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, that if he did not instantly take out his flute, and continue his music, he would throw him into the Thames. The doctor, in order to allay the fears of the ladies pocketed the insult, and continued to play all the way up the river. During the evening, however, he observed the officer by himself in one of the walks, and making up to him, said with great coolness, "It was, Sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or your's, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black coat as well as under a red one, I expect that you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*." The doctor further covenanted, that the affair should be decided by swords. To all these conditions the officer assented. The duellists met, but the moment the officer took the ground, the doctor pulled out a horse pistol. "What (said the officer) do you intend to assassinate me?"—"No, (replied the doctor) but you shall instantly put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise, you are a dead man." The officer began to bluster, but the doctor was resolute, and he was obliged to comply. "Now," said Young, "you forced me to play against my will, and I have made you dance against yours; we are therefore again on a level, and whatever other satisfaction you may require, I am ready to give it."

The officer acknowledged his error, and the affair terminated in a lasting friendship.

ANECDOTE OF DR. FRANKLIN.

WHILE Franklin resided in France, he had numerous applications made to him by projectors of every kind, and of every country: amongst the rest there was one who offered himself to be King. He introduced his proposal to the doctor by letter, stating, first, that as the Americans had dismissed, or sent away, their king, that they would want another: secondly, that himself was a Norman: thirdly, that he was of a more ancient family than the dukes of Normandy, and of a more honorable descent, his line having never been bastardised: fourthly, that there was already a precedent in England of kings coming out of Normandy. And on these grounds he rested his offer, enjoining, that the minister would forward it to America: but the doctor neither did this, nor yet sent him an answer, the projector wrote a second letter, in which he did not it is true, threaten to go over and conquer America, but only with great dignity proposed that if his offer was not accepted, an acknowledgment of about £30,000 might be made to him for his generosity.

Zimmerman's Reflections

APHORISMS.

As fools have wise intervals, so wise men have foolish ones.

We never expect fruit from a tree which has borne no flowers: neither can we hope for good actions in an old man, unless he has shown a good disposition in youth.

A good reputation is a magnificent tombstone.

Our ignorance clouds over more things than our learning can dissipate.

Nothing is so timid as a bad conscience.

Of all workmen the poet is most fond of his work.

We see people, as in perspective, at the first visit; and not until we have had some acquaintance do we see them clearly and in nature.

The taste of a voluptuous man is more delicate than his mind.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, February 25, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 44 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 12—inflammation on the lungs 1—old age 3—falling into a kettle of hot water 1—lunacy 1—contusion 1—sudden death 1—suicide 1—hives 3—debility 1—fits 4—dropsy 4—small pox 2—chincough 1—by a severe cold 1—whooping cough 3—pulmonalis 1—and 3 of disorders not mentioned.

Of the above 25 were adults and 19 children.

COMMUNICATION.

To the charitable feelings of the public, a narrative of distress it is hoped will not be addressed in vain. That promptness in yielding assistance, which usually distinguishes the inhabitants of this city, will, no doubt, evince itself on the present occasion.

The sufferings sustained by the unfortunate people of St. Domingo, during the late troubles, are well known. The scenes of devastation and blood which took place on that ill-fated island, have excited general commiseration. Among the individuals who were driven by these calamities from their homes and families, was a lady of fortune and respectability.—In the moment of alarm, when a precipitate flight was the sole alternative of the inhabitants, it was her fortune to escape with an infant in her arms, and to find refuge on board an American vessel. Entirely destitute of property, her husband and four of her children lost, she was thus cast upon the humanity of strangers. The captain of the vessel taking compassion on her situation, gave her a passage to this city; where she supported herself for some weeks by the sale of a few trinkets which she had about her person at the time of her flight. These being expended, she was reduced to the most distressing want. Far from home, with no prospect of return; thrown among people to whose manners she was unaccustomed, to whose language she was an utter stranger, she found herself incurring expences without any means of discharging them. Unused to labor, dressed in the light clothing of a West-India climate, she was exposed, with her helpless infant, to the severe distresses of hunger and cold.

In this melancholy state, she was discovered by the *Ladies Society*, and her most pressing wants relieved. The funds and regulations of this society do not allow of aid sufficiently extensive for the circumstances of this case.

Those persons, therefore, who may feel disposed to lend assistance, are requested to leave their donations with Mrs. Graham—Mrs. Hoffman, 85, in Greenwich-st.—Mrs. J. R. Livingston, Broadway—Mrs. Few, Broadway—and Mrs. Dr. Hossack, by whom they will be applied to the intended purpose.

It is presumed, that nothing further need be said to induce the ladies to advance with their usual alacrity, in relief of one of their own sex; nor will the humanity of the gentlemen be less forward to succor a *female in distress*.

The Legislature of N. Jersey, on the 15th inst. passed a law for the gradual abolition of slavery. Thus, at length, in N. J. is the foundation laid for abolishing the pernicious system of slavery.

The following distressing account of the loss of the brig Harriot, of New-York, was received by the editor of the Baltimore Telegraphe, through the medium of the post-office, for publication.

New-York, January 22, 1804.

On the 5th instant, the brig Harriot, left this city for Baltimore, and on the 15th we received the intelligence of her loss. On board of her were 30 passengers for Baltimore, all of whom were lost.—She was observed by the schooner Hope, but the storm being so violent she could render her no assistance.

To satisfy a number of enquirers, we have been informed that the name of the person who voluntarily returned to the state prison a short time ago, as noticed in this paper last week, is *Israel Stone*. He is from the state of Connecticut, and under sentence of perpetual imprisonment to hard labor, on a conviction of forgery. *Merc. Ad.*

Leap-Year.—The Independent Gazetteer, printed at Lexington in Kentucky, mentions that within the week commencing January 1st, 1804, there were *fifteen* licencs for *marriage* in Jessamine county.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, FEB. 17.

Chains of the Heart, (P. Hoare) and *All the World's a Stage, (Jackman).*

MONDAY, FEB. 20.

A new comedy, called, *Conceit can cure, Conceit can kill,* and *Wags of Windsor, (G. Colman.)*

Cast of the Comedy.

Mr. Elderton, Mr. Tyler—Jollup, Mr. Johnson—Mercury, Mr. Fennell—Dr. Cureallo, Mr. Martin—Landlord, Mr. Hallam, jun.—Giles Jolter, Mr. Harwood—Waiter, Mr. Shapter—Barber, Mr. M'Donald—Clown, Mr. Robinson—Servants, Mob, &c.

Mrs. Jollup, Mrs. Hogg—Fanny, Miss Hogg—Arabella, Mrs. Johnson. Old Woman, Mrs. Seymour.

The new play was received with applause, especially the fourth and fifth acts, and the epilogue by Mr. *Harwood* in the character of *Giles Jolter*, obtained a burst of approbation to every line. We will endeavor to give a sketch of the plot.

Volatile Ether, a young man educated to the dissipations of an English *gentleman* as the intended heir of a maternal uncle, becomes enamored with Miss Darwin the only child of John Darwin Esq. while she is on a visit at Bath, and his love is returned with equal passion by the charming *Arabella*. The father of the lady, however, having received impressions unfavorable to the young man, calls home his daughter and forbids the approach of her suitor. Love, as is too often the case, gets the better of prudence and duty, and the lady elopes and becomes the wife of Volatile. The uncle dies without having made a will, and his lawful heir stepping between Volatile and the fortune he was bred in the expectation of, he is thrown a helpless victim upon the world and soon reduced to extreme poverty. *Arabella* applies to her father for relief, but can only obtain hopes of pardon on conditions of renouncing her seducer. Volatile, roused to exertion by necessity prevails upon his wife to consent to separation and sending her to her father, flies to a distant clime in

search of fortune. He is successful and returns to claim his wife: but she and her father have flown and he can find no traces by which to pursue them. Supposing that they conceal themselves purposely from him, he assumes various disguises to throw them off their guard and at length visits Hamburgh in the character of a Comedian.

At Hamburgh he becomes acquainted with a young man lately from the West-Indies, who imparts to him a scheme that he has formed of visiting England as a mountabank German doctor, and prevails upon Volatile to accompany him as his buffoon. On their arrival at a certain village, or market-town, the doctor informs Volatile, that this is the place of his birth, that being an orphan, his guardians had bound him apprentice to *Jolluf*, the apothecary of the place, who on the expiration of his time had prevailed upon his friends to give him a further sum of money on condition of imparting a great medical secret.

The apothecary received the money, bound the lad by oath not to reveal unless for double the sum, imparted the pretended secret and turned off Tom Touchstone (for such is the doctor's real name) to shift for himself in the world. Tom carried little from his old master's shop but that acuteness for which he was indebted to nature, and love for Fanny the apothecary's daughter. Having been successful abroad he now informs Volatile that he has returned with a determination to sell to his old master his oft sold secret and make him pay well for the purchase.

It happens that Mr. Darwin and his lovely daughter had retired to this same village for concealment, and under the name of Elderton, at this time lodge in the house of the apothecary. Arabella sees Volatile pass and repass before her window, busied in erecting a stage in the market-place; she recognizes her beloved husband, and imparts the discovery to her father. The prudent father is shocked at the thought of again seeing his child exposed to misery, and he sternly warns her of the consequences of encouraging the emotions with which he beholds her agitated. *Arabella* cannot give up the hope of again being happy with a man whose virtues she knows and admires, but at the same time resolves never more to wound the heart or indanger the peace of her beloved father. The father on reflection is softened to compassion for the situation of his daughter and feels compunction at the recollection of the harsh language he had used to her. In this mood *Arabella* finds him and persuades him to make one last trial of the worth or worthlessness of her husband.

Tom having gained an interview with his Fanny by means of *Giles Jolter* the present apprentice to *Jolluf*, and digested his plan of operations, mounts his stage in the market-place, and by prophesying the death of *Jolluf* before night unless he is sent for, works the apothecary into imaginary sickness, he goes to bed, and on getting up finds his clothes, by the industry of *Fanny*, so large, that he is convinced he can last but a short time without assistance, and sends for the German doctor, who demands two hundred pounds and his daughter as the price of his life. The terms are refused and the doctor dismissed, but Mrs. *Jolluf* by endeavoring to persuade her husband to die for the benefit of his family, provokes him to send again for Tom and agree to his proposal. The *denouement* is easily imagined. Tom throws off his wig and cures his old master by pronouncing the words "*Conceit can cure, conceit can kill.*"

In the mean time *Arabella* and her father, as two military men just arrived at the village, take up their quarters at the inn in which Volatile lodges. They observe his conduct and conversation narrowly, and *Arabella* at length to try the strength of his affection, speaks disrespectfully of herself in his presence. The inflammable Volatile takes fire, quarrels and challenges the supposed young officer and an appointment is made for a meeting. Left to himself, Volatile reflects on the folly of his behavior, and goes to the place of appointment unarmed. Mr. Darwin, alone, meets him; an explanation satisfactory to the anxious father takes place, he calls in the lady, who appears in her own shape, and the reunion of the long separated husband and wife takes place with the blessing of a father.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22.

Conceit can kill, Conceit can cure, (—) and *Purse, (Cross)*

An Extract by *Senex* is received: we shall comply with his request.

Married,

On Wednesday evening, Mr. James H. Neilson, merchant, of this city, to Miss Sarah Coles, daughter of General Coles, of Dosoris, Long-Island.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Daniel Taylor, to Miss Sarah Wood, both of this city.

At Albany, Mr. Philip P. Van Rensselaer, of Bethlehem, to Miss Catharine Lansing, daughter of Abraham Lansing, esq. of that city.

On the 15th inst. at Upper Springfield, N. J. Mr. John B. Lawrence, merchant, of this city, to Miss Hannah Newbold, of that place.

At New-London, on Sunday evening, 5th inst. Mr. Abraham Brower, of this city, to Miss Eliza Chapman, of that place.

Died,

On Friday, last week, of a lingering illness, Mr. Sidney Phœnix, son of Daniel Phœnix, esq. Treasurer of this city: a young gentleman of correct principles and amiable manners.

On Saturday morning last, after a lingering illness, in the 26th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Robertson, wife of capt. Robertson, of the house of Baker and Robertson, of this city, merchants.

On Saturday morning last, Mrs. Phebe Loines, wife of Mr. James Loines, merchant, of this city.

On Monday last, Mr. James L. Smith, many years an auctioneer of this city.

At Philadelphia, on Sunday last, Mrs. Peale, of the Museum, of that city.

THEATRE.

The public are respectfully informed, that the Theatre must necessarily be closed for the ensuing week: during which, two new plays will be in preparation, viz. *Lewis of Mont Blanco, or, the Transplanted Hibernian*——and *The Wife with two Husbands.*

From a late edition of the Poems of ALLAN RAMSAY.

AN ANACREONTIC ON LOVE.

WHEN a' the warld had clos'd their een,
Fatig'd wi' labor, care, and din,
And quietly ilka weary wight
Enjoy'd the silence of the night:
Then Cupid, that ill-deedy gett,
Wi' a' his pith rapt at my yett.
Surpris'd thro' sleep, I cri'd, 'Wha's that?'
Quoth he, "A poor young wean a' wat;
Oh! haste ye apen—fear nae skaith,
Else soon this storm will be my death."

Wi' his complaint my soul grew wae,
For as he said I thought it sae:
I took a light and fast did rin
To let the chittering infant in:
And he appeared to be nae kow,
For a' his quiver, wings, and bow.
His bairnly smiles and looks gave joy,
He seem'd sae innocent a boy:
I led him beun but any pingle,
And beekt him brawly at my ingle:
Dighted his face, his handies thow'd,
Till his young cheeks, like roses, glow'd.
But soon as he grew warm and fain,
"Let's try," quouth he, "if that the rain
Has wrang'd ought of my sporting gear,
And if my bow string's hale and sier."
Wi' that his arch'ry graith he put
In order, and made me his butt:
Mov'd back a piece—his bow he drew,
Fast thro' my breast his arrow flew.
That done, as if he'd found a nest,
He leugh, and wi' unsonsy jest,
Cry'd, "Nibour, I'm right blyth in mind,
That in good tift my bow I find:
Did not my arrow flie right smart?
Ye'll find it sticking in your heart."

GLOSSARY.

een, eyes; *ilka*, each, *ill-deedy gett*, mischief making brat; *yett*, gate; *wean*, child; *skaith*, danger; *kow*, dangerous; *bairnly*, boyish; *beun but any pingle*, in without difficulty; *beekt*, warm'd; *ingle*, fire; *graith*, soon; *tift*, good order.

EPIGRAM.

TO Love should Beauty not submit,
In vain its pow'r it tries,
Love has a dart, if Beauty fights,
And wings, if Beauty flies.

For the Weekly Visitor.

SOLUTION OF THE REBUS

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

IS *Erato* a sister, and Muse of the *Nine*?
Is *Love* the sweet passion she governs, *divine*?
Is *Into*, a word which we term preposition?
Is *Zephyr*, the wind which our poets petition?
Does *And* "a conjunction which couples," explain?
Do *Culprits*, for *Mercy* crave often, in vain?
Is *Oh!* a word used by men in distress?
And alphabet *O*, but four distant from *S*?
Is *Reward* a just term for deserv'd compensation?
And *E* of all letters, most used in our nation?

If these will not fully my Rebus explain,
Th' acrostics which follow will make it more plain.

ACROSTICS.

E rato, thou hast fir'd my inmost soul!
L ove in my bosom burns beyond controul.
I nto my heart a little spark there came—
Z ephyrus gently fann'd it to a flame—
A nd now no pow'r but thine can soothe the raging pain.

M ercy, sweet maid is all thy swain can crave,
O h grant me mercy, or I'll seek the grave:
O n thee alone now rests my life, my all!
R eward my love or by the Gods I fall!
E re three revolving Suns illumine earth's dark ball!

R eceive the tribute of my humble lay—
I ndulge my Muse, O! sweet celestial maid.
C ynthia may change—She will from day to day.
H eav'n guards my charmer—she has never stray'd.
A nd if soft pity now can move thy heart,
R eplete with beauty, as thy lovely face,
D eath only shall from thee, thy Strephon part—
H is vows are faithful—*as he hopes for grace!*
U pon the wings of Love then bid me rise!
N o pow'r on earth shall rob me of my prize,
T ill I have gain'd with thee, a heav'n above the skies!

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.

At a time when there is so much false honor in the world that few men have courage enough *to refuse a challenge, the following answer which a young gentleman sent to one is somewhat ingenious in its turn.*

'TIS not the fear of death, or smart,
Makes me averse to fight,
But to preserve a tender heart,
Not mine, but Celia's right.

Then let your fury be supprest,
Not me, but Celia spare:
Your sword is welcome to my breast
Whenever she's not there.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache *he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.*

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

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